et-book, drew the note out—be knew so well where it was in that inside-pocket—and pushed it into Wycombe's hand,

"I here," be said, "pay yourself, and don't let me bear any more about it."

Wycembe was surprised. He had been thinking that Forgar had deserved him about the note, and, trembling for his mouey, the sight of it put him into good humor again.

"I'll run into the shop and get my mother to change it this minute," he said.

"No, no; never mind," said Foster, hurrieffy.
"I must go now; it's getting late. We'll settle another time. I—I—think I would not show the note to your father or mother; they might, you know, wender how—in short, could not you get any one else to change it? Could not you wait till the end of the half?"

"But why?" said Wycombe; "it's a good note, I suppose? You are not p'aying me a trick, are you?" and he began to examine the paper suspiciously.

"Oh! it's good of course. What a fool you must be not to know a bank note when you see it! Lo as you hke with it. But there the clock is striking six; I shall be late again. Good bye! To-morrow at four, remember."

"Yes, at four," said Wycombe; rather coldly,

it! Lo as you like with it. But there the clock is striking six; I shall be late again. Good bye! To morrow at four, remember."

"Yee, at four," said Wycombe, rather coldly, still turning over the note, and holding it up to the light as he spoke.

Foster's odd manner had made him scapicious, and as soon as his companion had left the house, he went into the shop in search of some one who could satisfy his mind that he had not been cheated, Wycombe was very fond of momey, and having a vague idea that his mind was not as strong as his body, he had a great horror of being over-reached in a bargain His father did not happen to be in the shop, and as he was retreating to look for him elsewhere, he met his mother, who, seeing the note in his hand, made him explain to her how it came into his possession. Mrs. Wycombe was a very careful woman, and she long thought that her husband indulged his son with a little more money than was at all good for him. She felt extremely scandelized at the sight of the five-pound note, and without condescending to isten to Wycombe's hestery, decided that he was not fit to keep it. After listening to a long scolding, Wycombe was glad to retreat; and firs. Wycombe, having captured the note, put it carefully by in her own purse till she should have time to show it to her husband, and lecture him on his over-indulgence, and his son's extravagant habits.

habits.

Foster in the mean time made the best of his

habits.

Foster in the mean time made the best of his way home, by no means in the mest tranquil state of mind. It was late when he come in.—
The name had all been called over, and his sent up to the Doctor. There would be another imposition to add to the long arrears of work which his idlenese and inattention had accumulated. He heard the news with a sulky sort of indifference, and was turning away, when the boy who had given it to him followed it up with another remark scarcely less welcome.

"Lyon wants to speak to you in the classroom. I fancy it's something particular. You had better go at once."

It now always made Foster nervous to hear that any one wanted to speak to him, and his heart beat quickly as he spened the class-room door. Lyon was there alone, attentively examining a drawing that lay before him on the table. He looked up when Foster came in, but there was nothing at all formidable in his first remark: it was only, "So you were not in the drawing-class this afternous?"



TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR--NO. 1247. note, without, however, having at the time the least intention of using it. Now he was ready to go into a passion with himself and with Wycombe for his inconvenient memory. What was to be done now. He stood silent for a minute, while Wycombe talked on, hinting pretty plainly that he was not going to sit down quietly under his wrongs. There was his father, and there was the Doctor, and it was against the rules of the school to borrow money. At all events, unless he had his money at ones, he should be in no mood for fishing or diving either. The hint about the Doctor alarmed Foster. His conduct for some time past would not bear any looking into; he had much rather not be brought before the Doctor's notice; and he had better do anything than provoke an inquiry lot of the state of his purse. If it were to come out that he had been keeping a five-pound note while he had been talling every one that he had no money! After ail, he asked himself, way need he keep it? He could never give it back now, and spending it was not so much worse than keeping it; and he hated having it in his desk, or hiding it in his trunk, or carrying it about with him, as he was doing just new, in his pocket-book; he might find it easier to forget when it was gone. He had been fumbling in his pocket-book; drew the note out—he knew so woll where it was in that inside-pocket—and pushed it into Wycombe's hand.

"There," he said, "pay yourself, and don't let

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1859.

ONE DOLLAR FOR 16 MONTHS.

POETRY.

- For the Sun A Flower upon the Grave.
- to the Memory of Levels N. Burdick.
- Ob! not alone they weep you dead Who soothed the acting brow of pain; Unnumbered flowers above your bed Shall bloom from out the summer rain.

- We would be comforted—but oh!

 How shall we quall the fleeding tears

 For sweet humanities that bleet

 Within the circle of your years!
- O blessed days that cheered the heart— The sweet commune of wit and song— We thought not then that we could part. But it has come—for oh, how long?

- Now long, also I for me the strife, As the fair wasons come and go, are I behold thee in that life... A faith for me—that thou doet know!
- Be still, my heart ! and weeping eye Look not upon the mountal pals— Oh! look beyond the changing sky Where the Great Father gathers all! WILLIAM R POTTER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIDNEY GREY:

SCHOOL LIFE.

he Author of " Min and Charlle."

As soon as Edward and Sidney moved away from the stie, two boys, who had been sauntering along on the other side of the hedge came up, and crossed the stile into the read. They were Wycombe and Foster. They had withdrawn from the game to talk over some private affairs of their own, and as they walked slowly behind the hedge, they had overheard every word of Sidney's and Edward's conversation. Wycombe, indeed, bardly heard, and hardly understood. What affair was it (f his? He was wiping his hot face, and panting and wondering why he had exerted himself to run at all; but Foster would have given almost anything not to Foster would have given almost anything not to have overbeard those few words. It seemed so provoking that something was always happening to make him uncomfortable—to bring Sidney Grey before his mind, when he had almost sucto make him uncomfortable—to bring Sidney Grey before his mind, when he had almost succeeded in forgetting him, and just, too, when he had hoped to be able to enjoy himself a little. Foster had been very eager about enjoying himself all the half-year, though all his companions declared that he had never before entered with so little pleasure into their amusements. His great anxiety seemed to be how to pass the time, and keep himself from thinking; and he did not appear to care what he did so long as he succeeded in that. He had never borne a high character in the school: but this half-year he was falling into worse repute every day. Dr. Wise could not think what had happened to him. He had lost all the little power of learning he ever had, and neither reproof nor patience seemed to make my impression. The best of his old friends gradually withdrew from him, and he had fallen by degrees into companionship with the worst wit in the school. Wycombe was now his chief ntimate. They had not much in common, for lor Foster was neither so ignorant nor ovulgar as Wycombe; but Wycombe, from laving an over-indulgent father and a badiy namaged home, had more liberty than any of he other town boys, and was a valuable asistant in procuring forbidden pleasure; and the ride he felt in having a first-class boy for his riend made him submit more patiently to Foser's changeable humors than those of his own ank in the school were willing to do.

To-day, however, he did not seem inclined to

thangeable humors than those or his own in the school were willing to do day, however, he did not seem inclined to the as patient as usual. For er had been geagerly to him as they walked down the till the sound of Sidney's voice warned him

terruption was over, Wycombe did not at all choose that they should finish their walk in the sullen silence which Foster had suddenly

terruption was over. Wycombe did not at all choose that they should finish their waiks in the sullen silence which Foster had suddenly assumed.

"I never saw such a changeable fellow as you are," he said at last. "Just now you could talk for nothing at all, you are mum—not a word to be got out of you."

"Well," said Foster, "I don't see, after all, why I let you buy that rod for me. I don't see how I am to pay for it, or how it is ever to be of any use to me."

"There you go!" said Wycombe; so changeable! Why, a minute ago you said you would go with me to fish in Sandon pool the next time father drives to the farm in his gig."

"It's out of bounds! Why, you muff, you don't suppose I meant you to go in eshool-time, and ask the Doctor? Father always goes early in the morning, as soon as it is light, and gets back to breakfast. He has business at the farm two or chree times a week, and he takes me whenever I want to go. If you have your wits about you, you saight easily get out of the house before any one is awake, and be back again before the first bell rings."

"If don't see how: I said you would fair the potential of the control of the see how; said you would ask you what you think of this drawnyou was get to see how; and be back again before the first bell rings."

"You know it, then?" said Lyon. "You what you think of this drawnyou would affair. I sent for you, as you are such a great artist, te sak you what you think of this drawn, it is all the said to the farm two or chree times a week, and he takes me whenever I want to go. If you have your wits about you, you saight easily get out of the house before any one is awake, and be back again before the wilk when some one or other did not go out. Now, only the least the said to you have you was a searcely a night when the said to you have you was a searcely a night when the said to you have you was a searcely a night when the said to you have you was a searcely a night when the said to you have you was a searcely a night when the said to you have you was a sear adventure of this kind, he said to himself, that he wanted to rouse him, and give him some-thing fresh to think about; and before the walk ended at Wycombe's house, he had been drawn in-to a scheme for leaving the schoolhouse early the next morning, and joining Wycombe in a drive to Sanden

next morning, and joining wy combe in the common of the co

seheme.

"My father is not going himself," he said;

"It is to be our foreman, and he has business at the farm that will keep him an hour or two, so we must be off in time. Nothing could be better. Now, let us put the rod together, and see here it leads."

ter. Now, let us put the rod together, and see how it looks."
Foster saw the rod put together, and admired it, and felt that, come what would, he must use it; and then he would gladly have gone heme, for he knew that a disagreeable question would some next, and he was not mistaken. Wy-combe did not let him escape it.

"Well," he said, as Foster returned the rod into its case, "now that you have seen the rod and are satisfied with it, I suppose that you mean to pay me for it at once?"

Foster let the rod drop out of his hands. "I declare," he said, "that I never told you exactly to buy it for me. I can't think why you were in uch a hurry."

to buy it for me. I can't think why you did not ask me twenty times whether I had got it or not. However, it is bought and paid for, and you must pay me again. Why, I declare I'll not stand it if you don't; and you borrowed ten shillings of me one day at the pastry-cook's, when she threatened to go to the Doctor about your bill. No, really, if you don't mean to pay, I'll not. Why, I'll not stand it," said Wycombe, increasing in eloquence and "whys" as he went on.

combe, increasing in eloquence and "whys" as he went on.
"But I've no money," said Foster. "I declare, I owe other people money, and, on my honor, I have not a sixpence."
"On your honor, 'what a cram!" said Wycombe, contemptuously. "Have you forgotten that you told me, when you borrowed the ten antillings, you had a five-pound note at home, and that you only wanted change because the woman was so unreasonable, and would not wait? Do you think I would ever have lent you the money, or bought this rod for you, if I had not known that?"
Foster had not forgotten; but he hoped Wy-

Foster had not forgotten; but he hoped Wy-sombe had. He had really, when he was in great want of money, mentioned the five-pound

of light, streaming through the window of his sleeping-room, reminded bim of his engagement with Wysembs. Every one else in the room was fast sleep, and Foster found no difficulty in cresping noiseleasly from his room, and levting himself dewn into the garden, as he and Wycombs had arranged, from a small staircase window, which had sefore been used for the same purpose on other occasions, and for which Dr. Wise had been talking of having shutters made ever since he came to the sphool. The fresh clear morning air and the excitement of the adventure, raised Foster's spirits, and helped him to smother his fears and his remore for a short time longer.

CHAPTER XVII.

OUT OF BOUNDS.

"Well," said Wycombe, as he was taking his rod to pieces, and looking with compiscency at some newly-caught fish that lay on the grass beside him, "I must say we have had a jolly good morning. It is worth while getting up early for such fun as this."

"Yes," said Foster, who had been less fortunate in his sport; "but I wish, Wycombe, that you would move a little faster. You don't consider how late it is getting."

"Time enough," said Wycombe. "Where is the use of being in a hurry? I never am."

"No, indeed," said Foster; "you are the most selfesh fellow I ever saw. So long as you are in no danger of getting into trouble yourself you don't care what becomes of your friends."

Wycombe made no answer to this compliming, but began deliberately to wipe the joints of his fishing-rod, and to arrange and re-arrange the fish in his basket.

Foster saw that nothing was to be gained by losing his temper. "Come," he said, changing his tone, "I was only in fun. I know you are as good natured as any one at the bottom, and would be the very last to fail a friend. Only think what trouble I shall be in if we don't get back before the beil rings."

"There's plenty of time, I tell you," said Wycombe, yawning stupidly; and Foster, who felt that he was entirely in his companion's power, was obliged to awailow his impatience during a slow walk up to the farm, and a long delay that followed while Wycombe displayed the fish he had caught to the farmer's wife, and boasted of his own success, and gloried over Foster.

"What a bore it is to have to do with selfish

followed while Wycombe displayed the fish he had caught to the farmer's wife, and boasted of his own success, and gloried over Foster.

"What a bore it is to have to do with selfish people!" thought Foster; and he began to ask himself whether the pleasure of sitting on the damp grass for two hours, watching Wycombe catch fish, was not rather dearly purchased by the agonies of impatience he was suffering now.

"You need not stand there, looking like a thunder-cloud," said Wycombe, at last. "We are waiting for Jackson. He has driven in the gig to the common to look at some sheep, and it will be half an hour before he can come back. You may as well take it quietly. I am going into the house to have some breakfast."

Three quarters of an hour passed while Wycombe regaled himself with eggs, bacon, fresh bread, and new milk; and Foster, unable to touch anything, fretted and fumed himself into a fever of anxiety. At last the gig wheels were heard in the yard; and Wycombe, who had now eaten as much as he could possibly swallow, declared that he was quite ready to start, and discovered suddenly that it was later than he expected. But now another cause of delay arose. The man, who had caught sight of the eggs and bacon as he drove up to the open door, stoutly declared that he was not going to set off home without his breakfast. His young master might be in a hurry, he said, but he was not; and his old master was too reasonable to expect any one to be out so many hours without eating. It was now hurry, he said, but he was not; and his old master was too reasonable to expect any one to be out so many hours without eating. It was now Wycombe's turn to feel impatient and fly into a passion; but his anger was too common a thing to be mich regarded by his father's servant. He did not trouble himself to make any further reply, but quietly hung the reits on a post in the yard, and entered the house with a very leisurely step.

"I say," said Foster, when the door was shut after him, "it would serve that fellow right if we were to get into the gig and drive home, and leave him to walk after us."

"Eo it would," said Wycombe; "but who would drive?"

drive."
"Of course, I could," said Wycombe, who had been boasting of his accomplishments the whole way they came.

"Jump in, then. It is a shame that we should be hept waiting by a servant;" a butcher's man, Foster was on the point of saying; but he remembered in time that it would not do to insult

weombe fut then.

Wycombe fut a little qualm of conscience.

Wycombe felt a little qualm of conscience. Wycombe just then.

Wycombe felt a little qualm of conscience.

He knew very well that his father never allowed him to drive, and that he had really very little experience in the management of horses. But then it would be so mortifying to make such a confession after all his boasting; and what danger could there be? After a moment's heeitation he disengaged the reins, and got into the gig with Foster.

"Let me have the whip," said Foster, selzing it "1'll touch the horse up; we've no time to lose."

"Den't," shouted Wycombe, nervously; but it was too late. Foster had given the spirited horse a sharp cut across the neck, and, tossing its head up in the sir, it set off at full speed, dashing through the yard gates, and grazing the wheel against the postern with a jar that almost sent the two boys over in the road.

"I say, I say," said Wycombe, pulling at the reins so hard that he lost breath to finish his sentence.

"This is what I call going canitally." said

sent the two boys over in the road.

"I say, I say," said Wycombe, pulling at the reins so hard that he lost breath to finish his sentence.

"This is what I call going capitally," said Foster, "only it shakes one a little. You could not keep more in the middle of the road, could you? I say, we are going faster and faster. Why, we are nearly in the ditch! Oh! oh! oh! I shall be shaken to pieces! Why don't you pull him in?"

"Hold your tongue, you fool!" said Wycombe, who had presence of mind to go on pulling.

"Is he—do you think he is—Oh!—running away?" cried Foster. "Stop him! stop him! Oh! some one stop him!"

They were passing another carriage when Foster called out, and his frantic cries, and the sound of horse hoofs behind him, excited the runaway-horse to the highest pitch. He broke into a furious gallop; and Wycombe, finding all attempts to check him wain, threw the reins on his neck, and sunk back on his seat in despair.

Fetter threw himself down at the bottom of the gig, and covered his face with his hands. It was a kind of instinct that made him take the safest place. He felt no hope of escape; as soon as he understood that he was in danger, he thought himself doomed. Here was the judgment that he had been expecting—the liar's punishment had overtaken him at last. There were some dreadful minutes, which he never forgot all through his life, when he lay still expecting death to come.

Wycombe kept quiet for a little time. It took him some minutes to realize the danger, he though the must do something. He stood up in the gig, and, with a frantic leap, threw himself ont. Foster did not see where he fell; he did not hear anything—the noise of the horse's feet going faster and faster drowned every other sound.

Another half second, and the cresh came; there was a grating noise; the gig rolled on one side; Foster felt himself falling over and over: and then he lay still, and heard the sound of the horse's feet receding further and further from him, and dying away into an indistinct murmur in his ears. The

this fast for then?' said foster. 'I am survesses nothing about Sidney Grey, or his drewings, or his affairs. I never what to bear more of the said of

some tea for him. He put it down on the table, remarked that Dr. Wise had given orders that Foster was to stay in the study until his return, and then turned to leave the room; but Foster called after him and began to question him.

"Where is the Doctor gone?" he said first; for he dared net begin at once to ask what he dreaded to know.

dreaded to know.
"He has gone to see Wycombe," said Lyon, drily. "Why! Is anything the matter with him?"

"Why! Is anything the matter with him?" asked Foster.
"You must know as well as I do," said Lyou, who looked graver than any one had ever seen him before.
"No, indeed, I don't."
"Well, he is dying, then—dying or dead. He was brought into Mrs. Ellice's house quite insensible. It was thought he could not live an hour; but I believe he was still alive when the Doctor went this afternoon to see him."
"Dying—dead!" said Foster, in a choked voice.

"Dying—dead!" said Foster, in a choked voice.

"Yes; and much you must care for it, who did not even take the trouble to inquire about him this morning, or wait to see if he was hurt. I always thought you a mean, selfab sort of fellow, Foster; but I did not think even you could have been so bad as that."

"Dying—dead!" said Foster. "Oh! don't leave me alone in the dark!" But Lyon opened the door as he finished his sentence, left the room, and turned the key in the lock as he went.

room, and turned the key in the lock as he went.

It had been Foster's great business for several months to keep himself from thinking. Now it seemed as if he were given up into the power of an enemy who had resolved to revenge himself for long neglect. He could no longer shut his eyes to the danger he had been in. The solemn state of his companion forced him to consider what might have been his own. One had been taken and the other left. His conscience spoke out loud, and laid his sins in order before him. He saw how he had been led on from idleness to deceit, to envy, to theft, to falsehood—how utter selfishness was at the root of all. At last a cry rose from his heart, different from all the selfish fears that had filled it before; "I deserve punishment; I am not fit to live; I was not worth saving, and yet God has saved me."

CHAPTER XVIII. CONSCIDE CR.

It was very late when Dr. Wise came home. Immediately upon his return he released Foster from his imprisonment in the study, and desired him to go to bed. He did not ask him any questions, or encourage him to talk; he merely informed him that the punishment he should inflict for his disobedience would be a week's separation from the other boys during play-hours and at meal-times. If he had known what was passing in Foster's mind he would treated him differently; but he only saw that a strong impression had been made, and he was anxious to prevent him from weakening it, either by talking over his adventure himself or by being marie a hero on account of it by his school-fellows. Foster left the room, chilled and disappointed. If the Dootor had said one kind work—asked one question—to make it easier for him to begin, he felt that he could at that moment have confessed all. He said to himself that were the opportunity was gone, and, though he falt disappointed, he was also a little relieved. The having had an intention of confessing was a balm to his self-reproach and he tried to throw the blame of not having fulfilled it on circumstances. Still louder knocks were needed at the door of his heart before it would open to admit the Divine guest. Repentance, which requires not merely remores for sin, but a resolute turning away from it—a stout warfare against it.

Foster had been accustomed to complain to himself that he could not yet the remembrance of his falsebood away from him—that something was always arising to put him in mind of it. He fancised that these constant reminders were the weak of some unkind fate that tormented him. He did not understand that they were profess of sheevenly Father's leve, which pursue'd him while he was turning away from it, and would not let him have the doom of being alie to live happily in sis.

Foster did not see any of his school fellows that night, and he was not able to hear any news until the next merming, when he welked into the school room after Dr. Wise. The bell rung for pr

"You have been thrown from a city. The horse was ramang away, and it almest a wheshustive was ramang away, and it almest a wheshustive was ramang away, and it almest a wheshustive was an interest over all orders, and two men that it are the control of the contr

this time forth, and if it offends you, you may all send me to Coventry as fast as you like." The last sentence sounded much more like "If you daze." "Whew!" said Collins; "I thought so; the wind has been setting to that quarter for some time. And, pray, do you expect us all to turn straight round like a set of weather-cocks?" "As you like," said Lyon.
"If you have reasons it is surely right to tell them, and let us judge for ourselves," said Wilson.

son.

"I intended to do so half an hour ago, but I have changed my mind," said Lyon. "My reasons convince me; I don't believe they would anybody else; and we have had quite enough of hasty accusations, I think,"

"Grey sits still without saying a word," said Harding.

"Grey sits still without saying a word," said Harding.

"He looks," said a boy who was standing exactly opposite, "as it he were ready to—"

But the speaker was not destined to finish his sentence. A sudden movement of Lyon's arm laid him sprawling on his back under the table, and he learnt a lesson on the bad policy of making remarks on subjects that did not concern him.

him.

In the meantime Sidney had gained possession of his voice; but there were too many people near for him to say what he should like to have

In the meantime Sidney had gained possession of his voice; but there were too many people near for him to say what he should like to have said.

"Thank yes," he said, holding out his hand to Lyon. "I always knew you would find out the truth at last."

"Come out into the garden," said Lyon; "I have a great deal to tell you."

"Well," said Collins, shrugging his shoulders as they left the room together, "I wash my hands of the whele affair. If Lyon chooses to be deceived he may. You won't find me troubling my self about justice, and the honor of the school, and that sert of thing, if this is all the thanks I am to get."

"A characteristic way of saying that you are too lazy to quarrel with Lyon or to appeal to the Doctor, as you always said you weuld," said Wilson, laughing. "Well, for my part, I think we have had troub'e enough about it; and as it's Lyon's own affair, we may let him se tle it in his own way. Not that I think it will end here; there is more to come yet, you will see."

Charlotte could scarcely believe her sight when standing at the garden gate, she saw Sidney shaking hands with Lyon as he parted from him where the turn in the road brought Mrs. Ellice's house in sight.

"There is good news in your face," she said, as she ran to meet him; "and I am waiting here to tell you good news."

"How sellish i am!" said Sidney, his countenance suddenly falling. "I had actually forgotten it. Is it over?"

"Yes; the doctors came early this morning, directly after you went to school, and they have taken his leg off. They say he may recover now. I ran out into the garden while the doctors were here; but Amy—only think—amy stayed with poer Mrs. Wyoombe all the time, and actually went to the door twee that she might bring her word directly it was all ever. The Loctor has been praising amy for her presence of mind and resolution, yesterday, when day in here looking so dreadful and even Barah did not know what to do. Wheever would have expected it of Amy?"

"I should," said Sidney. "She has showed so much resolution

BVIL OVERCOME.

For many days after this secident Wycombe

lay in a precurious state, hovering between life und death. At last a favorable change took plees, and he was prompuned out of danger, the high his reservery was likely to be tedious, and be could only rise from his bed of sickness a crip ble fir life. During the first stage of his illness the young Grays were only able to show ay mpat. Y by inquiring after him at his room door, or L y showing kindness to his mother, who had come to nurse him; but when he began to recover, M. Wy combe was obliged to leave him for many he tra together, while she went home to attend to other pusiness; and then their charity was of the severity taxed to provide attendance and the best of times; and now, when he was suffering severe paths, and he temper was sourced by his misfortune, he became what Chariotte and Edward propos, teed to be perfectly unbearable.

am Edward propout teed to be perfectly unbearable.

Amy was rather more patient, but her time was much occupied; and, by degrees, the task of waiting on him slid alm ost entirely into Sidney's hands. The others were a sways ready to take any trouble to procure conforts and amusements for him; but they; were not serry to be convinced that "it really a 'as best to leave him to Sidney, for he was the on ly person who could manage him in the least."

In the mean time the Greys were more comfortable at school. Lyon was a nore friendly than ever; and the other boys treats d them civilly, though not cordially.

It was evident that Lyon's con viction of Sidney's innocence was not shared by the other boys. Sidney hoped to conquer to be other boys. Sidney hoped to conquer to be other boys. Sidney hoped to conquer to be other boys. Dudding, Edward and Charlotte grumbled as good deal that there had been no public clearing of Sidney.

that there had been no public clearing of Sidney's character, and declared that the affair bad ended unsatisfactorily. Charlotte had invented a hundred different catastrophes; "alt," she declared, "better than this."

declared, "better than this."
Foster re-appeared among his schoolfellows, looking pale and grave. There
was a marked improvement in his behavior in school hours, and in the
playground he waked mush alone, and seemed
generally occurred in either, writing or medical was a marked improvement in his beplayground he wasked much alone, and seemed
generally occupied in either writing or reaching
over a letter. He was constantly beginning it
over again, getting nearly to the end of it, and
then destroying it is nervous haste. This mystarious letter the curious among his companions
discovered was alternately addressed to fir.
Wise, Lyon, or Sidney Grey. Lyon was often
observed to watch Foster intently, and was several times heard to say aloud in his presence,
that if snybody had anything particular to tell
him he was always ready to hear it. Foster
comforted himself with the idea that he was only
waiting to make his confession until he had esen
Wycombe again, and made some arrangement
with him about restoring the rote to Lyon. He
was really allowing precious opportunities to
pass, which might never be given to him again.
Lyon now often walked home with Sidney on
half-holidays, and speat much of his spare time
in Mrs. Eliice's garden. When Sidney's company could not be had, he occupied himself by
disarranging Charlotte's gardening projects, and
suggesting others, at which he worked vigorously for a time, and then abandoned to be carried
out by Dudding and adward. Charlotte could
not decide whether she most admired her new
ally's inventive genious, or disliked his summary way of putting aside every one's opinion but
his own. In one point, ho sever, they were
quite agreed—Lyon was always ready to sym
pathise in Charlotte's indignation against Wycemba, and was even a little disposed to quarrel
with Sidney for shutting himself up so much in
the sick-room instead of spending the time with
him, when he had quarrelled with the rest of
his companions on his behalf. He never would
believe that Wycombe had ever been in danger,
and declared that he had known all along that
he would get better
"You will never make anything of him," h
and one day at the and of a long discontant

and declared that be had known all along that he would get better

"You will never make anything of him," he said one day, at the end of a long discussion, when he had been standing for a quarter of an hour with his back against the door, to prevent Sidney from going in. "You may as well give it up in despair. You don't suppose, do you, that he is capable of feeling the least bit of gratitude? I know the nature of a bully like Wycombe a great deal better than that."

"I don't know that I care much about the gratitude," said Sidney; "and as for making anything of him——"

"Well?"

"Perhaps I should despair if I thought there

"Perhaps I should despair if I thought there

him."
"Tou have made up your mind, I see," said
Lyon, stepping back. "I suppose you think me
very hard-hearted; but I am quite ready to do
very hard-hearted; but I am quite ready to do

"You have made up your mind, I see," said Lyon, stepping back. "I suppose you think me very hard-hearted; but I am quite ready to do what I can. I am sorry enough for him, only I don't choose to throw pearls before swine. Sympathy and kindness are quite thrown away on Wycombe; commoner things will do just as well. I went into the town and bought some fruit for him. You take it up to him, and you'll see that he'll care ten times more for that than for all your patience and carer I know him of old. If he can get what he likes to est, that is all he cares for. Do you suppose that having a leg cut off can change a person's whole character?"

"Rio," said Sidney, thoughtfully; "and yet suffering is sent to make people better. Do you think he would have had to have bis leg cut off if there were no hope of improving his character?"

"Nay," said Lyon, "you are getting a great deal too deep for me; you had better go. But I'll'ell you something, Grey: I'm half inclined to say that I would have both my legs cut off if it would make my character like yours. Half inclined, remember—not quite."

Wycombe was lying with his eyes shut when Sidney entered the room, so he put the fruit down noiselessly on the table, and took a seat by the bed. There was a sullen, unhappy look on Wycomb's face, even while he slept, that was painful to say. Bidney thought over what Lyon had been saying, and on all Wycombe's ungracious saying, and on all wycombe lifted up his head. He had not been saleep; he had been lying thinking; and cidney was susprised to see the traces of tears on his face and politow.

"I suppose that's you, Skiney Grey?" he said. "I ou have been away a long time. It's a shame that I'm to be always left; you would not like it if you were lik. I heard some one talking to you; in the garden; who was it?"

"Lyon. He has broug! it you a basket of fruit "Has he? You may part it down; I don't want any just now. is

"Lyon. He has brought you a basket of fruit

"Has he? You may put it down; I don't want any just now. Is is a fine evening? What are all the others doing?"

"they were playing at trap in the playground when I left."

"at trap? Oh!" grouned Wycombe, "everything goes on just the same. It does not make much difference to any one, is suppose, my being fil."

Eidney was obliged to be silent. The difference it did make was not exactly what Wycombe on his sick-bed would be comforted to bear.

ence it did make was not exactly what Wycombe on his sick-bed would be somforted to hear.

Wycombe raised his head up in the bed for an instant, and looked earnessly at him. "I say, Bidney Grey," he said, at last, "why do you come and sit in this hearid dull room on a fine evening?"

"I came to sit with you," said Sidney; "I thought you would like me to go on reading the 'faival Crusces;' you were interested in it last night."

"You may if you like "said Wycombe, sinking back; "it's all very dull and horrid. I don't much mind what any one does."

Sidney took up the book; but, before he had found the place, Wycome spoke again.

"I say, leidney Grey, do you remember the time when I used to plague you so, and when we were going to put you in the pond?"

"Never mind that now," said Sidney.

"I was not the worst; it was King that was the worst, ch?"

"Yound let us talk of it now," said Sidney.

"No more we will," said Wycombe; but there is nother thing. It was I that tripped you up on, the ice that day. I did it for fun. I did not Lacan to hurt you exactly. Did you know it was I?"

"Yes, I did," said Sidney.

Lean to hurt you exactly. Did you know it was 12"

"Yes, I did," said Sidney.
"You see I did not know, then?"
"No; but now you do. You know what pain is, You will never hurt any one again."
"I shall never have a chance," said Wycombe; it will be people's turn to trip me up, and laugh, and make fun of me; but I can't bear it. I won't, I won't. I won't I wish I were dead! It a dreadful! I can't bear it!" And the unhappy boy buried his head in the pillow, and burst into a bury of passionate despair.
I doney waited until he was a little calmer, and then went up to the bed, and leaned over him. "I have been lame all my life," he said, "and I have not found it so bad to bear."
"You and I are different," said Wycombe, in a choked voice.

"There will be one thing in us alike," said
Sidney, "and we will help such other. You will
get to like helping other people new you have
suffered yourself,"
"Ne, I shan't," said Wycombe, houring up;
'I stan't be ready to help other people, because
I am unhappy myself. I shall better in a said
afflicted people more than ever, because they
will put me in mind of what I am. I shall beep
out of their way, and when I see them I shall
hate them."

out of their way, and when I see them I shall hate them."

"I hope not," said Sidney, earnestly,
"Why? Why do you look so grave? Would it be so very dreadful if I did, that you need look almost frightened about R? Is it my fault I can't help feeling my misorium?"

"I ou can help how you feel it," said Sidney.
"Do you remember what it says in the Bible about Pharson't heart being hardened?"

"I have heard it, but I never knew what it meant," said Wycombe.
"He would not let the troubles God sent him make him better, you know; so they made him

meant," said Wycombe.

'He would not let the troubles God sent him make him better, you know; so they made him worse—every one worse than he was before, till he died."

There was a few minutes' silence after Sedney spoke, and then Wycombe seld, "I wish you would go en reading."

Sidney took up the book again, and read on without remark, for he saw that Wycombe mot listening. He had drawn the bed-clothes over his head, and Sidney thought he was crying quietly. At last he laid the book down, and got up to leave the room. Then Wycombe lifted up his head and beckened him to come to the bed-side. "I say," be said, in a gentler voice than he had ever been heard to speak in be fore, "when you go to bed to-night, I wonder whether you could say something about my hot being like Pharo—about my not bardening my heart? You would know hew to put—"

"That I will," said Sidney; "but could you not pray for yourself?"

"I don't know any prayers," said Wycombe.
"Cannot you recoilest any of the prayers we say in church?" said Sidney; "not any of the collects? I wish you would let me bring my prayers-book up with me. I could mark some for you that are exactly what you would. You can "Than'k you, I wish you would. You can

"Thank you, I wish you would. You can bring the book up when you come to wish me good night, and put it on the bed without saying anything."

To be Continued. To be Continued.

Twanty-vive gambling houses are in one little circuit of the business portion of Chicago.
THE flaborice of Lake Michigan are said to produce \$1.500.000 innually.
Washington Territory is 600 miles long, and 205 broad, and contains 123.022 square miles. It is now principally valued for its lumber.

The stock is all taken for a telegraph line be-tween Persecols and Mobile, and is to be com-pleted in ninety days. The iron bridge built in 1780, over the Severn near Coalbrookdale, was the first in England constructed of that material. A MAN in Kalamazoo in training an elk to trot

A MAN IS KAIAMAZOO & CRAMING AS SELECTION OF THE MAN IS KAIAMAZOO & CRAMING AS SELECTION OF THE MAN IS AS A MAN IS

A woman about 40 years of age was from drowned on Tuesday last, by two young men while out bunting, in Brighton, near Rockstee. She was not identified. RICHARD P. THOMPSON, Esq., late General, of New Jersey, died at his re Salem, on Taceday afternoon, after a fillness. He was about 55 years of age A FERM in Bengor purchased last year tons of spruce gum, and they estimate that:
also of the prepared article will this year a
20,000 home. It is used for chewing.

PRIVATE letters seport that proparation grand scale are as-flot for the inaugura Gen. Housrow as Sovernor of Texas. I turn to the United States Senate is region

Ct., and twice (in 1846 and 1851) Mayor of Chicago, died at Jolist, III., last week, aged 56. Hewas a printer, learned the trade at Philadelphia, afterwards published a paper at Easport, Res, and afterwards at Chicago.

There is in the town of Brookville, Maine, afamily of nine soas by the name of Taplar, the eldest of whom is only 40 years of age, and the youngest 21, all of whom have been masters of vessels. The older is now a blackmath, and the youngest a farmer. All the others are seen faring men.

A soldman, named Siresons, of the Public Guard in Bolomond, has been dismissed from that service for expressing Abolition sentiments and sympathizing with old Brows and compresses. He will also have a hearing before the Mayor, and in the meantime lies in jail for the offence.

Thus Albany Resears Journal of Thursday

Mayor, and in the meantime lies in jall for the elimon.

The Albany Evening Journal of Thursday says: Comptroller Ghurch commenced the sale of lands for taxes this morning at 10 o'clock, and disposed of Albany, Allegany, and Broosse counties, and commence from morning at 10 o'clock, and disposed of Albany, Allegany, and Broosse counties, and commence from the courted on Wednesday at the house of Jamus Luss in Beitimeer, a young man named Physical Ghalley was shot, and so hadly injured that he died soon after. Three men, named Frankers, Kellix, and Frankers, have been arrested on the charge of being implicated in the murder.

Is Chicago, the best-packers have already killed upwards of \$5,000 head of cattle, with about half the season to operate in yet. It is expected that, before the close, from \$5,000 to 40,000 head will be packed. During the past week several pork packers have commenced. Already there is capacity in Chicago to pack from 5,000 to 7,000 hogs daily,

Game is unusually plentiful this fall along the

several pork packers have commenced. Already there is capacity in Chicago to pack from 5,000 to 7.000 hogs daily,

Gank is unusually plantiful this fall along the line of the Camdan and Atlantic Railrand. New Jersey. The woods are literally alive with robins, while partridges and rabbits are more abundant than for many years past. Bears nid deer also are found in the wooded awamps, and wild geese, brent and ducks in the bays, between the main land and the beach.

Jama H. Williams, of Tennessee, has been found guilty of pocket picking in Wilmington, N. C., and sentenced to receive forty leads on the bare back, to be taken back to jell, there to remain until the Decamber term, when he is to be brought out and a like number of lashes given him, after which, and paying consuments upon the Governor's Thanksgiving procuments upon the Governor's Thanksgiving procuments upon the Governor's Thanksgiving grossmanten, and thinks it "unnecessary and uncalled for to appoint a day of thanksgiving in a beautiful harvest," when he is the such beseting has been earlieved. It is a queer bountiful harvest," tays the Wisg, "when half the eattle in the country are likely to die for want of provender during the winter.

In addition to the prize of 50 guinase for the best English essay, the donor has edicad one of \$1.000, and one \$250 for the best Presed ensay on "the immense importance of a close union of France and England, as well for their own interest and weifare as for the interest and happiness of the world." M.M. Tauna, Minemay and Minemans, members of the Jastitute, have consented to be the French adjudicators.

A waw method of swindling has been tried quite successfully in Palladelphia. The honey is attracted from the comb, and the calls filled with suger. As suger ous be bought for ten cents a pound, and honey is worth twenty-five to thirty cents, the seller is evabled to elear from fifteen to twenty out a proposite than so a pound by the operation. This pays better than so kind beans, a plan that has been practiced for so

the hucksters.

One evening last week a very large owl lit upon the engine of one of the Hadson River Railrost trains, and was caught by the framan. The enginess, recognizing it as a hint of evil ones, said at the time that sometime was about to happen with him. True month, that night he lost his pocket book, consense therety dollars. So far so good, or make, so farms had.

The next meaning, the demans who cought is dollars. So far to good, or maker, so these bed dollars. So far to good, or maker, so these bed The next morning, the dissumen who emught is gave it to the firemen of the engine Buttams and it was duly installed in a complesson place. That same night, the engineer of the Puttams ket his pooket-book, commenciating a sur-of money. We have not been period as to what of money of the had resulted its company.